

The Tragedy of Hamlet

With juice of curst Hebona in a Viall,
 And in the porches of my eares did poure
 The leprous distilment, whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
 That swift as Quick-silver it courses through
 The naturall gates and allies of the body,
 And with a sudden vigour it doth possesse
 And curd, like eager droppings into milke,
 The thin and wholsome blood; so did it mine,
 And a most instant Tetter barked about
 Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust
 All my smooth body.
 Thus was I sleeping, by a brothers hand,
 Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once dispatcht,
 Cut off even in the blossomes of my sinne,
 Unnuzled, disappointed, un-anueld,
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head.
 Oh horrible, Oh horrible, most horrible,
 If thou hast nature in thee beare it not,
 Let not the royall bed of *Denmarke* be
 A couch for Luxury and damned Incest.
 But howsomever thou pursuest this act,
 Taint not thy minde, nor let thy soule contrive
 Against thy mother ought, leave her to heaven,
 And to those thornes that in her bosome lodge,
 To pricke and sting her: fare thee well at once,
 The Gloworme shewes the matine to be neere,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectuall fire:
 Adieu, adieu, adieu, remember me.

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?
 And shall I couple hell? O fie! hold my heart,
 And you my sinewes, grow not instant old,
 But beare me swiftly up; remember thee!
 I thou poore Ghost, whiles memory holds a seat
 In this distracted Globe: remember thee!
 Yea, from the table of my memorie
 Ile wipe away all triviall fond records,

Prince of Denmark

All saw of bookes, all form
 That youth and observation
 And thy commandment a
 Within the booke and vol
 Unmixt with baser matter;
 O most pernicious woman
 O villaine, villaine, smiling
 My tables, meet it is I set
 That one may smile, and sin
 At least I am sure it may be
 So uncle there you are: now
 It is adieu, adieu, rememb
 I have sworne't.

Hora. My Lord, my Lord

Mar. Lord Hamlet.

Hora. Heavens secure h

Ham. So be it.

Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my L

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho boy.

Mar. How is't my noble

Ham. O wonderfull!

Hora. Good my Lord tel

Ham. No, you will reve

Hora. Nor I my Lord b

Mar. Nor I my Lord.

Ham. How say you then

But you'll be secret.

Both. I by heaven.

Ham. There's never a vi

Dwelling in all *Denmarke*

But hee's an arrant Knav

Hora. There needs no C

To tell us this.

Ham. Why right, you ar

And so without more circu

I hold it fit that we shake h

You as your businesse and

For every man hath busines